

HIS IN THE CARE OF THE HOME—DAILY FASHION TALKS—BEAUTY PROBLEMS

WOMEN WHO WILL CHATTER AT THE OPERA DREADED

Those Who Really Attend for the Music Driven to Fury by These Unappreciative Mortals Who Disturb Every One

ANY ONE of those professed music lovers who crowd the Metropolitan Opera House on such popular nights as last night, for instance, would be highly incensed were it considered a pose with them. Granted that there were hundreds and hundreds of those there last night who really understood, but why is it inevitable that a few people should mar the enjoyment of those around them by talking unconcernedly throughout the overtures, when one most desires silence in the front of the house?

Last night there were several women, who were certainly old enough to know better and should have been well-bred enough also, whose silliness could be heard many feet away from their box. To such as these the opera evidently meant close application with their lorgnettes to the occupants of the boxes, the sound of many voices and the flashing of many jewels on the tier after the lights go up. These things are charming in themselves, but to the real lover of music there is something more.

The ladies, like a few men who openly acknowledge the opera boxes them, might leave their seats during the acts to have a chat and a smoke, as do these self-same men.

I doubt whether these women are any more objectionable than the one who knows it all, who carefully explains when the "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" is due and what the denouement will be, her shrill tones echoing for rows around.

But every man will agree with me, I know, that the worst bore of all is the girl he has taken with him who will insist on talking into his ear during the performance and to whom he must strain to be polite—this once!

Two Dollars Given for a Letter Every Day

APRIZE of Two Dollars (\$2) will be given each day to a reader of the Woman's Page of the Evening Ledger. There are no conditions. Every day a letter will be chosen from the number sent in, whether it contains information of value to the readers of the page or asks a question, and the prize will be awarded to the writer. Be sure to sign your name and address so that checks may be forwarded.

IT IS a curious thing, isn't it, to what trouble some humans will go to do things they will do just to be "in the know," as it were, but utterly failing to grasp the whys and wherefores, for all their pains?

An amusing thing occurred this summer at Mount Vernon, that mecca of the motorist. The story was vouchered for by the person who gave it to me. She said she, with three or four others, had motored out from Washington and arrived comparatively early in the day, expecting to spend some hours there. Just as they drove in another car appeared. The driver got out, went up to the house, evidently seeking information, then came back to the waiting party and said in a flat tone, "Oh, there's only the house and a grave and it costs a quarter to go in," threw in the clutch and was off in a whirl of dust!

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

WHATEVER her other faults may be, William Gale is a tower of strength in an emergency. I discovered this fact when Katie, my maid of all work, uttered a frightened little cry at the sight of Mr. Lester coming through the door and then stood, like a statue of fear, gazing at him. Lillian was standing at my side when the latter said, "Come with me, my dear, which led her to the kitchen. I was regular third-act-to-the-rescue stuff. I could not see what she was doing, however, for I was too busy trying to obey her whispered injunction.

It was a hard task, however. Of course I had to wait until Dicky had introduced me to both Mr. and Mrs. Lester. As I murmured the conventional things and started to escort my guest to my room, Harry Underwood barred the way. "Nay, my child, you do not pass me this way without a word or look that I may cherish," he said grandiloquently to my guest.

Mrs. Lester dimpled and giggled. "You need not be so afraid of me, my dear, I'm not going to talk to you at all tonight. Frank says you are a bad man for little girls to know."

"Please unyarn them cruel words," he begged, and then turned to me, as he saw me trying to draw Mrs. Lester toward my room.

"Aha, my proud beauty; you do not like to hear me make pretty speeches to another. I shall humble your pride yet!"

He bowed mockingly, and I reached my own room with Mrs. Lester. As I crossed the threshold I drew a deep breath of relief. The anxiety of an unpleasant scene was over. Katie was safe in the kitchen, where, if I gauged Mrs. Underwood's powers correctly, she would soon be reduced to sanity, while my guest, all unsuspecting, as I hoped, was removing her wraps.

Of course, I had grasped the significance of Katie's frightened cry. I remembered the night the first came to my door and her terror at sight of Dicky and her sudden flight. We had brought her back, and Dicky had learned that the reason she was in my room was that she had been afraid to pay a bill when she was maid of all work in the bachelor apartment which Dicky and I had shared. She had been there when she appeared with the money, and he had never seen her again until he met her in our apartment.

The memory of her broken words of explanation of her flight came back to me. "You know when you left that morning, Meester Lester, he was painting, too?"

"Well, William, I always good girl in old country and here. I was in confession. I always kept good. Meester Lester, he kiss me, say bad things to me. He frighten me. I run quick away. I never dare come back. Dot Meester Lester, he one bad man, one devil."

She was so sure of her own opinion that I had nothing to say. I had thought nothing of the coincidence of names until Katie's cry had thrown a flashlight upon the situation.

I looked at her, who, fortunately, had had heard and seen nothing. She was a pretty creature, birdlike in her smallness and daintiness, and a certain chirpy brightness about her eyes. She had a certain equality of the caliber of a sparrow, but I admitted also that the fact did not detract from her attractiveness.

"She was woman to be protected, innocent, helpless. And her husband had amused himself by persecuting an ignorant, alien servant. I felt a rush of sympathy for her. I remembered Dicky's comment upon Katie's revelation:

"So that was it! Well, that was just about what that pup would do. That was one reason I got out of our housekeeping arrangements. He set too swift a pace for me, and that was going some in those days."

"Poor little Mrs. Lester! Life certainly could not hold much for her in the future. And then she turned from the mirror with an approving nod. "You just see, not only a reason I got out of our housekeeping arrangements. He set too swift a pace for me, and that was going some in those days."

"I'm afraid I shall be very dull tonight. I am so worried about leaving the baby. She's only six months old, you know, and I have her in my arms. I don't know how she was born until two weeks ago, so I have never left her with a maid before. This girl will have appears very competent, says she is used to babies, and just can't help being as nervous as a cat."

"Are you still worrying about that baby?" Mrs. Underwood's loud voice sounded behind me. "No, look here, Dicky, I have a little common sense. You have had that maid over a year; she has been with your mother and you since the baby was born; she is a telephone at her side, and you are only five blocks away from home. Wasn't the child well when you left?"

"Sleeping just like a kitten," the proud mother boasted. "You just see, not only a reason I got out of our housekeeping arrangements. He set too swift a pace for me, and that was going some in those days."

"Over Lillian Gale's face swept a swift agonized pain. She just felt that she was being deceived. I noticed it had not my eyes happened to rest on her face when Mrs. Lester spoke of her baby. Was there a child in that attic past of her? I decided there must be.

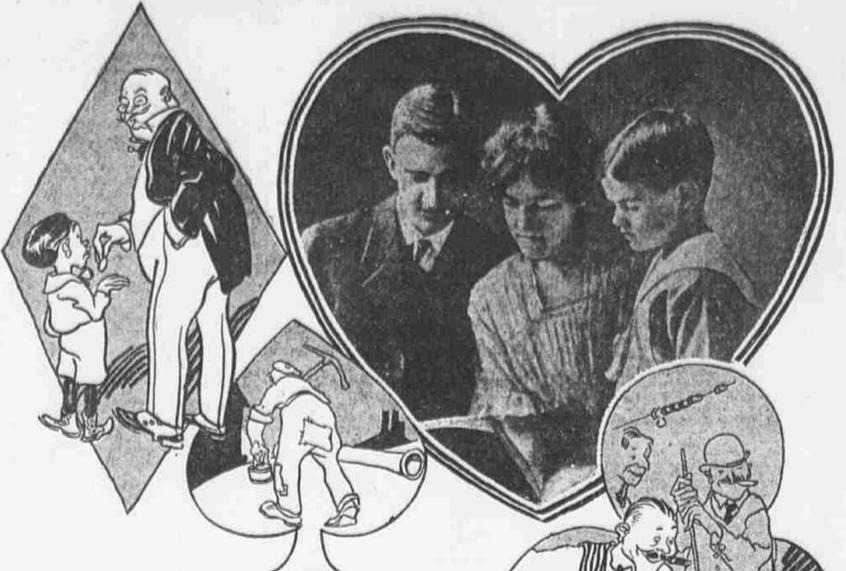
"Why don't you telephone now and satisfy yourself that the baby is all right, and then the next day call you if she needs anything unusual about her?" I queried.

"Tell her you are going to telephone every little while. Then she will be sure to keep on the job," cynically suggested Mrs. Underwood.

"Oh, that will be just splendid," chirped Mrs. Lester. Thank you so much, Mrs. Underwood. "When I get home, I'll tell Dicky you'll get the number for you," said Mrs. Underwood, ushering her into the living room. I heard her shrill voice.

"Oh, Dicky, Dicky, please get Mrs. Lester's apartment for her. She wants to be sure the baby's all right."

FATHER'S PART IN UPBRINGING OF OFFSPRING OUTLINED AND DISCUSSED BY EXPERT



Nobody Wants a Daddy Who Is Spade, Club or Diamond—Heart the Best Type

By M'LISS

WHAT kind of a father are you? Be careful what you say, for according to your answer you will be categorized. A young Pennsylvania educator, Prof. Daniel Wolford La Rue, has written a most interesting book on child culture called "Making the Most of the Children."

In it he puts the father into four classes, the spade, the club, the diamond and the heart class.

Nobody wants a daddy who belongs in the first classification. The spade father lives very close to the earth; he makes life one long drudgery; his homecoming is not the signal for laughter and happiness. The club father prefers being out with the "boys" to being in with his own boys and girls. He is to be avoided whenever possible.

Money is the "all" of the diamond parent. The bright, sharp glitter of life to be witnessed in the cabaret and along the gay white ways appeal to him more than the steady glow of the home fireside. He'd rather give his kiddie a dime than a kiss any day, and seeing as how he's that kind of a daddy I suppose the kiddie would rather have the dime.

The heart father is the sort that every wise child chooses. He's the kind whose knee was made to be climbed upon, whose youngsters are a joy and delight to him, not a nuisance to be trundled off to bed the minute he comes home.

The heart parent, of course, is the only kind of which Doctor La Rue approves. The views that this professor of psychology and education, at the East Stroudsburg State Normal School, hold embody an admirable mixture of old-fashioned conservatism and ultra-modern radicalism and in an interview he expounded them with such conviction that one felt that he has never had a better father than the one with his own little boy, but of every little boy and girl he had ever known, and that, therefore, he had to say should be worthy of the admiration of all persons interested in child culture.

It is unusual to meet a man who believes,

TODAY'S FASHION



Smart sailor of hatter's plush and muffler of black velvet.

THIS smart sailor is of black hatter's plush. The brim turns back against the crown like the flaps on an envelope. A fringe of taupe and white ostrich outlines the four points. The crown is medium low. The muffler has again appeared, but this one is not of worsted; it is of velvet. It wraps about the throat in soft folds and the ends are ornamented with large velvet balls. The lining is of black satin.

(Copyright.)

One-Egg Waffles

One and one-half cupfuls flour, one and one-half cupfuls baking powder, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one and three-quarter cupfuls milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls butter, one egg beaten very light and the melted butter. Beat batter for two minutes and drop by spoonfuls on well greased hot waffle iron.

Charm O' Graces

ANTISEPTIC SKIN FOOD AT \$1.00 the Jar

Because of increased sales and lower cost of production you can now obtain

THE REGALLOTT COMPANY'S "CHARM O' GRACES" SKIN FOOD CONTAINS NO MERCURY

It is a beautiful and improves the complexion and prevents the usual skin troubles. Resolves wrinkles and facial blemishes. It is a perfect skin food. Your dealer is unable to supply it unless he has a stock of it on hand. Write for a copy of our receipt of price.

The Regalotto Co., P. O. Box 407, Philadelphia

Diamond Solitaire

The perfection of the gem is reflected by its brilliance and color. The most delicate and fashioned in platinum. \$225

C. R. Smith & Son, Market St. at 18th

The group in the heart is Professor La Rue, Mrs. La Rue and their son.

for instance, with our grandfathers in the use of the rod as a means of not spoiling the child, and with our grandchildren in eugenics and birth control. Here is how Doctor La Rue explains it:

"Widely used, corporal punishment has its place. God evidently believes in it, as witnessed in the many corporal punishments he inflicts on the race and the passion of hate blinders parents from administering such punishment at home. Neither law should be passed; but one is as logical as the other, and both are necessary if we wish really to make the experiment of abolishing corporal punishment.

BIRTH CONTROL AND ITS CONVERSE

"As for birth control, there is nothing which the human race can control but which it ought not to control. At present the passion of love indiscriminately multiplies the race and the passion of hate blindly divides and destroys it. Both these passions must submit to reason. We want both birth control and death control.

"The woman who wants many children, however, and has them, does not, in Doctor La Rue's opinion, necessarily sacrifice quality to quantity.

"It depends on what she she does," he said. "It is quite possible for a mother to bear eight, or even ten, children of prime quality. But she should be supported simply by her mother-in-law. Our slight breeder, not responsible even for the upbringing of her own brood. The average mother of eight or ten children most certainly sacrifices quality to quantity. But why should any woman feel it her duty to be so prolific? Physiologists—some at least—state that the mother's physiological equilibrium is so upset by bearing a child that we cannot count on its being reared again in less than three years. The conclusion is as to frequency of births is obvious.

FATHER'S PART IN TRAINING

"What part in the training of the child should the father take?" he was asked. "If most of us men would keep ourselves free from whiskey, tobacco, swear words and other immoralities," he replied, "and treat our wives as respectfully as we want our sons to treat their mothers, the women of the country would experience such a glow of delighted surprise that they would hardly ask for further co-operation. Then let the father be with his children during a part of his leisure at least, for the surest way to get an education is to live with somebody better than yourself. Further, as he is the provider for the family, he should make his home a home by providing wholesome home occupation. Groceries should not all be at the store, but partly in the pantry. Education should not all be at school, but lodged also in the library and the living room at home.

TRUTH ABOUT SEX

Doctor La Rue believes emphatically in telling children the truth in regard to matters of sex.

"I would give them this truth as fast as they were ready to receive it. Our eight-year-old boy has never asked us a question on sex that we have not answered to the best of our ability. He thinks no more of

Don't worry about your skin

Resinol Soap

cleared mine completely

Many and many a girl has a clear, healthy complexion today because some friend came to her with that sound advice. Resinol Soap not only is delightfully cleansing and refreshing, but its daily use reduces the tendency to pimples, offsets many ill-effects of cosmetics, and gives nature the chance she needs to make red, rough skins white and soft.

If the skin is in bad shape, through neglect or improper treatment, a little Resinol Soap should be used with the Resinol Cream, to soothe the skin and remove the cause of the trouble. Resinol Soap is sold in all drug stores.

Brand-New Babies

The Evening Ledger will print, free of charge, notices of recent births sent in through proper channels. Address "Evening Ledger," 100 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Name and address of father, telephone number of mother must accompany each notice so sent.

BECKER, Mr. and Mrs. William C., 4912 Locust street, a daughter, Doris Knobell, eight pounds.

HEMERY, Mr. and Mrs. Louis, 334 Mantion street, a son, seven pounds six ounces.

HINKLE, Mr. and Mrs. George A., 2131 North Wainwright street, a son, George, eight pounds.

KUFFINGER, Mr. and Mrs. Ruth, 2131 Moore, Pa., a daughter, Ruth Berline, eight pounds.

KRAMER, Mr. and Mrs. Frank, 1014 Winton street, a daughter, seven pounds.

SULLIVAN, Mr. and Mrs. John J., 1014 Chestnut street, a son, John J., seven pounds.

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